BOB CONSIDINE

Mark Lane Flying High on Kennedy Shroud

THE UPI story about the crazy mixed up New Orleans investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy went on to say, "Mark Lane, outspoken critic of the Warren Commission Report, arrived in New Orleans to discuss the case with Mr. Garrison's office."

That should do it.

Mark Lane knows about as much about the assassination of JFK as Mahatma Gandhi. He has ridden Kennedy's shroud to a best-selling book, a busy lecture program and a movie of some sort. All are based on pure speculation, halftruths, suppositions and, here and there, preposterous misreadings of the testimony.

He is believed mainly in Europe, where most people find it inconceivable that a President of the United States could be killed by a stray nut like Oswald. Assassinations of various crown heads through the centuries have always been highly charged with conspiracy, with strong ties to the Balkan tinder box, and the very future of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

Mark Lane, Jim Garrison and his collection of odd witnesses are right down Europe's alley. At the end of its New Orleans run, the whole show could be taken to Antwerp, Dusseldorf, Manchester or Dieppe and draw even better gates.

Probably will.

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THAT'S A GOOD PIECE by Gen. Eisenhower in the Saturday Evening Post. More men of his stature should be encouraged to write about what it was like in their shaping years. Here and there, one of today's kids might even be touched by it.

The general said a fine thing once upon a time at Abilene, the old home town to which he returned to announce that after some soul searching he had decided to run for the presidency as a Republican. What he said was the finest tribute to a happy childhood I've ever heard. Looking around the yard of the old wooden house where he and his brothers had been reared, he said reflectively, "By Golly, I didn't know until years later that we were poor."

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MRS. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, Senior, recently asked a reporter friend if he thought she could successfully appeal to the world's newspaper, magazine, radio and television fields to let up on Jacqueline Kennedy and the late president's children for a year.

He told her that there wasn't a chance. The media would never get together, he explained.

Sad.

True.

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ONE OF THESE DAYS somebody—a president or a good reporter—will spell out the scope of our "understanding" with the Soviet Union. There's just no question that we have one, tacit as all get-out, when it comes to the war in Viet Nam.

We won't bomb Soviet supply ships in Haiphong harbor (matter of fact, a pilot aboard the carrier Kitty Hawk told me that we exchange friendly waves with Soviet crews) and we generally fly around rather than strike at Soviet ground-to-air missile sites. When we do attack such sites, and obviously kill Russian technicians, the Kremlin never mentions it.

It's not only the longest war in which we have ever been engaged. It's the strangest.

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BILLY ROSE has been dead for a long time but a dispute over his fortune has, somehow, prevented his being properly interred. He is being held in escrow in a vault while relatives vie for his treasury of AT&T and other stocks.

"If he were alive today he'd prefer to be buried," Irving Mansfield, his friend, told me with emphasis recently. "He died in Jamaica and the undertakers there fixed him up like people apparently want to be, people who die in Jamaica. The guy made Billy up like a straight man in a bad vaudeville act, heavy on the eyebrows, that sort of thing. He'd laugh if he saw himself. That's the one thing he never was, a straight man."